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Kimberley Birdland

Now we sit in this trilling paradise
No need to play CDs
Songs are scattered in the air
Sheet music in a willy-willy

There is no colour bar in birdland
And the juice they love is in
A birdbath we fill from the tap
With a eucalypt chaser

Finch sings with honeyeater
Crow caws against cockatoo call
Butcherbird before dawn
Rattles down its dry throat

Curlew serenades the moon
As boobook asks over and over
'Who are you? Who, who are you?'
Straw-necked ibis squawks to itself.

Take birdsong out of the air
You have silent layers of heat
Interlaced by cicada's call
And frogs croaking a capella.

Andrew Burke